

*The Comical Historie of*

*Loren.* Yet more quarrelling with occasion, wilt thou shew the whole wealth of thy wit in an instant? I pray thee understand a plain man in his plain meaning: go to thy fellowes, bid them cover the table, serve in the meate, and we will come in to dinner:

*Clown.* For the table sir, it shall be serv'd in, for the meate sir, it shall be cover'd, for your comming in to dinher sir, why let it be as humours and conceits shall governe. *Exit. Clown.*

*Loren.* O deare discretion, how his words are suted, The foole hath planted in his memory An Armie of good words, and I do know A many fooles that stand in better place, Garnisht like him, that for a trickie word Desie the matter: how cheer'st thou *Iessica*? And now good sweet say thy opinion, How dost thou like the Lord *Bassanio's* wife?

*Ies.* Past all expressing, it is very meet The Lord *Bassanio* live an upright life: For having such a blessing in his Lady, He findes the joyes of heaven here on earth, And if on earth he do not meane it, In reason he should never come to heaven. Why, if two gods should play some heavenly match, And on the wager lay two earthly women, And *Portia* one: there must be something else Paund with the other, for the poore rude world Hath not her fellow.

*Loren.* Even such a husband Hast thou of me, as she is for a wife.

*Iessi.* Nay, but aske my opinion to of that.

*Loren.* I will anone, first let us go to dinner?

*Iessi.* Nay, let me praise you while I have a stomack.

*Loren.* No, pray thee let it serve for table talke, Then how so ere thou speakst, mong other things, I shall digest it.

*Iessi.* Well, ile set you forth.

*Enter the Duke, the Magnificoes, Anthonio, Bassanio, and Gratiano.*

*Duke.* What, is *Anthonio* heere?

*Anth.* Ready,

*the Merchant of Venice.*

*Anth.* Ready, so please your Grace.

*Duke.* I am sorry for thee, thou art come to answer A stony Adversary, an inhumane wretch, Uncapable of pitty, voyd, and empty From any dram of mercy.

*Anth.* I have heard Your Grace hath tane great paines to qualifie His rigorous course; but since he stands obdurate, And that no lawfull meanes can carry me Out of his envies reach, I do oppose My patience to his fury, and an arm'd To suffer with a quietnesse of spirit, The very tyranny and rage of his.

*Duke.* Go one and call the Jew into the Court.

*Salerio.* He is ready at the dore, he comes my Lord.

*Enter Shylocke.*

*Duke.* Make roome, and let him stand before our face. *Shylocke*, the world thinks, and I thinke so to, That thou but lead'st this fashion of thy malice, To the last houre of act, and then tis thought Thouw'lt shew thy mercy and remorse more strange, Than is thy strange apparant cruelty; And where thou now exacts the penalty, Which is a pound of this poore Merchants flesh, Thou wilt not onely loose the forfeiture, But toucht with humane gentlenesse and love, Forgive a moytie of the principall, Glauncing an eye of pitty on his losses, That have of late so hudled on his backe, Enow to presse a royall Merchant down; And pluck commiseration of his state, From brassie bosomes, and rough hearts of flint, From stubborne Turkes, and Tartars never train'd To Offices of tender curtesie; We all expect a gentle answer Jew.

*Iew.* I have possesst your Grace of what I purpose, And by our holy Sabbaoth have I sworne To have the due and forfeit of my Bond,

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